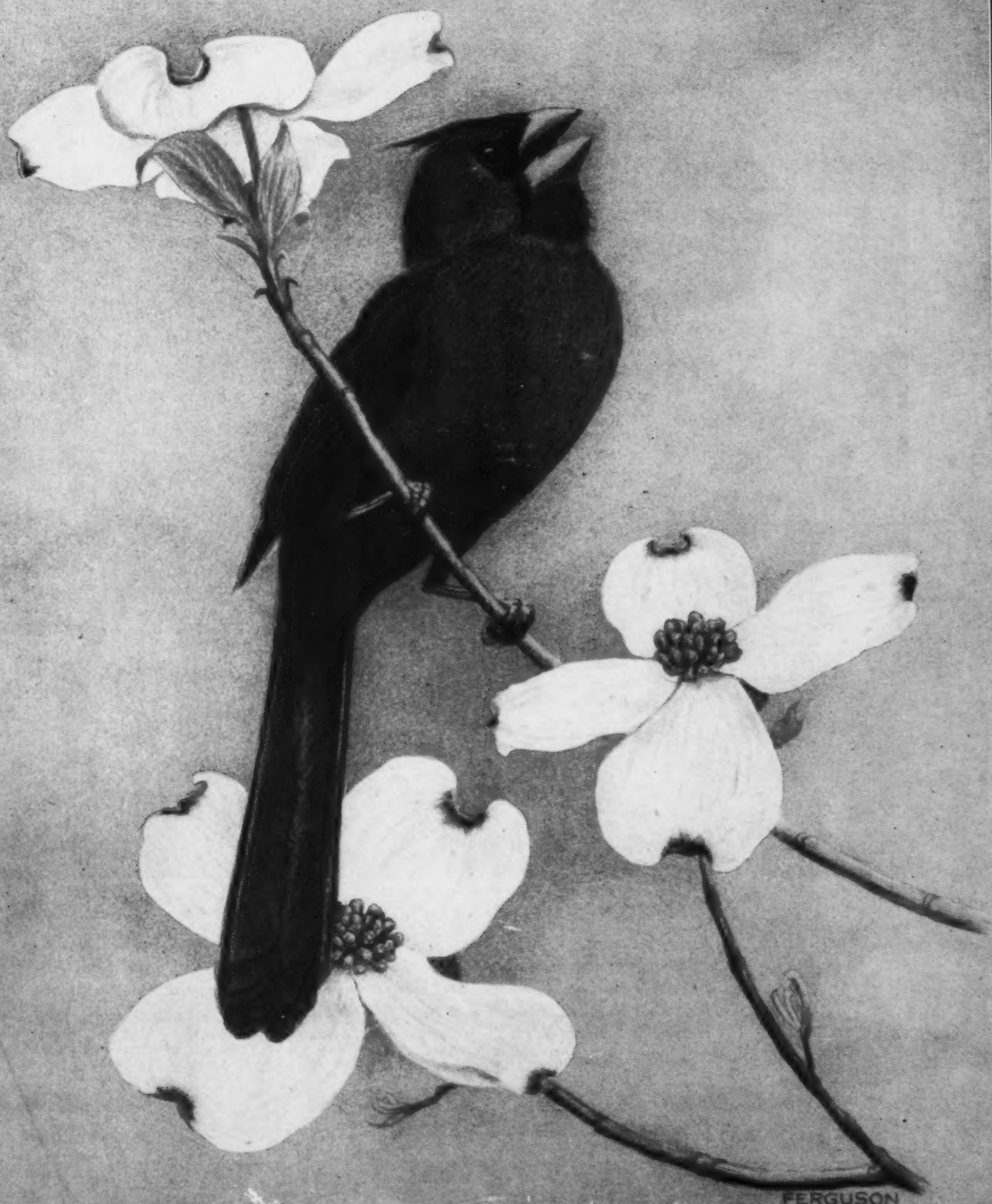


NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

APRIL • 1956





EGGS—red eggs, blue eggs, yellow, green, and purple—6,781 colored Easter eggs were decorated by Junior Red Cross members in Rapides Parish Chapter, Louisiana, and sent to patients at nearby state and federal hospitals and institutions last Easter. Standing behind the egg display are Betty Van Zandt (left), Paul Turregano (center), and Annie Jarrell (right).

American Junior Red Cross

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Step by Step We Climb

HEALTH OF MIND AND BODY

April Cover

"Signs of Spring" are the songs of the cardinals and the blooming of the dogwood trees. The cover artist this month, Walter Ferguson, has pictured both these "signs" in his beautiful cover drawing.

Spring

*I knew when the spring was come,
Not by the lovely hum
Of the bees in the willow trees,
Or by the smell of the breeze,
But because there were jacks and tops,
In the three village shops.*

Author unknown.

Pan American Day

Pan American Day, April 14, 1956, will mark the 66th anniversary of the modern Pan American movement. The 21 republics of the western hemisphere have worked together all these years to maintain the peace of their "one continental community."

If your class or your school would like to plan some special observance for Pan American Day, your teacher may get free information and material to help in your planning by writing to the Division of Publications, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.

Success Story

From the British Red Cross *Junior Journal* comes this clever story:

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



White Hoofs and Yellow Wings

Story by IRENE TAMONY

NED DUG HIS KNEES into the side of the white horse in an effort to stay astride of the broad back. If old Nellie wouldn't try to gallop he might make it across the barnyard. He felt as if he were riding as high as the barn. He heard his cousin Henry yell at him from the fence.

"Hang on, Ned! You're okay!" Henry hollered.

Ned waved. His knees relaxed.

Just at that moment, Nellie broke into an awkward run. Her big hindquarters reared up and down unevenly.

Ned lost his hold. He wobbled from side to side. His stirrups shook loose. With a kick he tried to get back in the stirrups.

The white mare neighed like a colt. She made the turn by the barn door at a fast clip. She shook her mane in delight. Then she slid to a stop.

In a smooth curve, Ned sailed over Nellie's head. He landed in a swirl of dust in front of the laughing Henry. Next to Ned's hand rolled his jackknife.

"Ho! Ho!" Henry bellowed. He doubled

up on the fence. "Oh, Ned. You belong in a circus. Ha! Ha!" He scrambled down to help his cousin.

The tenderfoot stood up. He whipped the dust from his jeans. He glared at Henry. "All right, Henry," he growled. "You've had your fun. I'm no horseman. I admit it. The year I'm staying here with you let's forget I ever saw a horse. Okay?" He bolted for the fence when he saw Nellie whizz by.

Henry stopped laughing. "Aw, Ned. Don't get mad. Riding's lots of fun. Every good rider gets tossed half a dozen times. We could ride together to school if you'd try harder." He snickered again at his cousin's performance.

Ned picked up an old red stocking cap and stuffed it back into his jeans. "Nope. You can ride Nellie to school. I'll take the cut through the stubble fields. Besides, I can look for my butterflies on the way." He patted the red cap in his pocket. "Here's my net. Maybe I can find a new pair of wings for my collection." He limped off toward the brick farmhouse. He wouldn't admit that he not only hated to



*Illustrated by
William Riley*

As the mare slid to a stop, Ned sailed over her head in a smooth curve.

ride, but he was afraid of Nellie's big hoofs and outsized teeth.

Next morning, Ned shuffled off to school alone. He'd soon get used to the three-mile

hike. He kept his eyes open for a flutter of wings. Behind him he heard hoofs so close that he jumped off the road.

More on next page

Henry galloped Nellie beside the roadway. Her hoofs threw dust up into Ned's face. A yellow rope was the only guide on the mare. "Get a horse, Ned! Get a horse!" shouted the rider. He clung close to the mount's neck, Indian fashion.

Ned stared after Henry. His heart still pounded from the nearness of the flying hoofs. Smart aleck cousin! Henry didn't need to rub in his neat riding. No saddle or bridle. No stirrups. Just a rope. Ned sprang across a ditch to enter the wheat field. He made his way over the stubble, his eyes smarting from

was his cousin's business. But a slip knot seemed dangerous to him.

At noon, Henry ran up to Ned in the yard. "Going to ride home with me after school? Plenty of room on old Nellie. She's as wide as her own barn." He sat on the lunch bench beside his cousin.

Ned made a face. "And she's as high as her barn, too. She looks peaceful enough, now. Wait till I get on. Then she will take off like a fire engine going to a three-alarm fire." He chewed his ham sandwich. "No. Guess I'll walk. I want another chance at that yellow



"Get a horse, Ned! Get a horse!" shouted the rider.

the dust. Wish he could see that yellow-winged beauty again.

In a circle of green pepper trees, the red-roofed schoolhouse came into view.

Ned hurried. It was fun to go to a country school for a change. Just two rooms. And his butterfly collection was the best exhibit in the uppergrade science corner. In the school's back yard, he saw Henry's white horse tied to a pepper tree. The rough rope hung loosely on the mare's neck. Ned frowned. Well, that

butterfly that dodged me this morning."

Henry shook his head. He finished his sandwiches. Then munching a red apple, he wandered off to find some pals for baseball.

Ned didn't hear the bell ending the noon hour. He was on his hands and knees near the fence by Nellie's tree, tracking a pair of yellow wings. In a minute he'd have this golden butterfly. What a catch!

Quiet settled over the school yard as the last of the boys and girls straggled back to

their rooms and walked to their seats.

Alone with the white mare, Ned tried to work without a sound.

The gold wings fluttered just ahead of him. At last the insect alighted on the ground under the white horse's neck.

Ned saw only the sunny wings. He crept on hands and knees. He swept his arm upward, cap in hand. His knee bumped a root. He sprawled flat.

Through the air in a red streak flew the old cap. It landed on the sleepy Nellie's black muzzle.

Ned found himself in a flurry of flailing hoofs. He slid out of the way of the iron shod feet just in time. He saw the horse rear up, then race around and around the tree. Shorter and shorter grew the rope. Tighter and tighter pulled the rough hemp on the horse's damp neck.

Forgetting Henry's advice, Ned began to yell. "Stop, Nellie! Stop running!" He jumped up and waved his arms. He shouted, "You'll choke yourself!"

Nellie reached the end of her tether. With a thud that shook the ground, she fell at the base of the tree. Her neck pressed against the scaly bark of the pepper tree. Four legs pawed the air. Eyes bulged with fear and pain.

Frozen with panic, Ned stood unable to move. Should he call Henry? Was there time to get help? He couldn't make a sound. His feet refused to budge.

The strangled breath of the horse at last aroused him. He ran to the tree, pocket knife out and blade open. He spoke calmly to the frantic animal. "There, Nellie. Be quiet. I'll help you." His voice shook as his fear lessened. He sawed at the rope, inch by inch. The horse's terror gave him courage. Back and forth hacked the rusty blade on the rope. One by one the strands gave way.

Nellie jerked again. The rope tightened into the soft hide.

Faster Ned sawed at the strands. At last only two were left.

With a last struggle, the choking beast

reared up. She broke free at last. A minute she lay quiet. Then she turned over on her side and scrambled to her feet. Her eyes were still wild. With a shake she sent the scrap of rope flying.

The ragged tether whipped across Ned's face as he backed away.

Nellie neighed loudly. She whirled in a circle, tail straight out like a banner. Then she raced out the driveway for home.

Ned held one hand to his burning cheek. He watched the cloud of dust that told how fast the mare traveled. Behind him he heard footsteps.

"Ned!" Henry's voice trembled with fright. He took in the jagged rope, the jackknife on the ground, the trampled earth under the tree. "Nellie! Where is she?" He gripped Ned's arm. "What happened to your face?"

Ned stooped over to pick up his knife and cap from the dirt. Should he tell Henry it was his fault for chasing butterflies so close to the horse that caused all the trouble? Henry need not know that. Then he stood up straight. "I scared Nellie by throwing my cap at a butterfly near her. She galloped around the tree until she almost choked. I cut her loose." He turned away. Now Henry would think him a greenhorn. He added in a low voice, "Nellie must be nearly home by this time."

Henry stared at his cousin. "You mean to say that you got near enough to Nellie when she was thrashing around to cut the rope?" He whistled. "You're no scairdy-cat around horses. No sirree. And what's more, Ned, if there is any blame, it's mine for tying Nellie with a rope. Pa's told me a dozen times to use a halter."

Ned grinned. He wiped his grimy face with the back of his hand. "I guess it's both our faults, Henry. Well, you can walk home with me today. Tomorrow, I'll ride to school with you. On Nellie." He swung his arm over Henry's shoulder. "After this, I will hunt my butterflies where there are no horses."

Together the cousins returned to their classroom.

THE END

Do you know these birds?

By WILL BARKER—Author and naturalist

**As you read the story
see if you can match the birds
described with the pictures.**

ACCORDING to the dictionary, a bird is a warm-blooded, egg-laying animal. It has a backbone and its body is covered with feathers and its forelimbs have been changed into wings. This definition applies to any kind of bird: a **songbird** like the oriole or the mockingbird; a **wading bird** like the heron or the egret; or a **predatory bird** like the hawk or the eagle. But birds, like human beings, differ in many ways as you can see in these pictures.

AN OCEAN BIRD

The first bird (pictured at right) differs greatly in appearance from other birds in the animal kingdom. You may have heard the verse which describes this bird as having a bill which "holds more than its belly can." The bird we are talking about is familiar to anyone who visits or lives in Florida and, like a related species in California, is an ocean bird. You often see one perched on a piling from which it takes off to go fishing. If you haven't decided by now what this bird is, it is a brown **PELICAN**.

There is another species of pelican in North America called the great white pelican. A bird that has a wingspread of 8 to 10 feet and that is about 5 feet long, the white pelican is found chiefly in the western United States along the seacoast or on fresh water. Once in North Dakota I saw a flock of white pelicans drifting around on a lake and looking like a



1. This strange looking bird has a bill that holds a great deal of food.

flotilla of spic-and-span ships in the bright morning sunshine.

A FAMOUS BIRD

The young bird in our second picture is well-known to everyone. A likeness of this bird in adult form has been our national emblem since 1782. This bird has also been shown on several of our postage stamps, and

one in flight is shown on the 4-cent air postal card. This bird is known as a predator; it feeds on other birds and fish, and sometimes eats carrion. You usually see its untidy-looking nest high in a tree.

By now you should have guessed that the bird we are talking about is the bald **EAGLE**, also known as the American eagle and the white-headed eagle. It will take 3 years for the young eagle in our picture to develop the white-feathered head which makes it appear as if it were bald.

MEMBER OF HERON FAMILY

Our third bird seems to have an itching ear. This white bird with its feathery crest is an **EGRET**. It is a member of the heron family and like a heron spends a great deal of time wading in shallow waters looking for food. Before egrets were protected by law these birds were nearly exterminated by hunters who killed them in their nesting colonies. The hunters were after the egrets' beautiful white and silky plumage called aigrettes. The millinery trade used aigrettes to trim women's hats. The egret in our picture is a Brewster's egret and was photographed at Bear River Migratory Waterfowl Refuge in Utah.

A SHORE-BIRD

The fourth bird pictured on the righthand side of the page is a shore-bird. This brown and buff bird has a bill that is 2 feet long or almost one-third of its body length. Because of this bill the bird is called the long-billed **CURLEW**. It is now rare in the eastern United States. To see the long-billed curlew you will have to visit the West, where the bird frequents salt marshes, prairies, and tidal marshes. The long-billed curlew is one of the many birds beneficial to man; it eats locusts and other injurious insects.

A SPEEDY DIVER

Our next bird, Number 5 on next page, is a diving bird related to the loons. This odd-looking creature is found almost everywhere in the world and does its diving in both fresh

Photo by C. J. Henry



2. Our national emblem since 1782.

Photo by W. Grant McFarland



3. This white-crowned bird seems to have an itching ear.

Photo by W. F. Kubichek



4. A bill that is 2 feet long gives this bird its name.

Photo by Forrest A. Carpenter



5. A diving bird related to the loons.

Photo by K. F. Roehren



6. The largest of North American waterfowl, whose ringing call can be heard for 2 miles.

Photo by Julian Howard



7. A member of the only flock of its kind in the world.

and salt water. Our bird lives in the West, where it pairs off with another of its kind and "dances" on the water during the courtship period. A floating nest is built in which to lay and hatch the eggs. The mother often carries her young on her back. When in danger the GREBE, for that is our bird, dives with amazing speed.

WATERFOWL

The Number 6 bird is the largest of North American waterfowl. It has a resonant call that sounds like the ringing tones of a hunter's horn, and that can be heard 2 miles away. In 1935 there were only 73 of these birds left in the United States. Today there are more than 650. Saved from extinction by creating a haven for them, the TRUMPETER SWAN, for that is the bird we are talking about, can be seen and heard at Red Rock Lakes, a national wildlife refuge for trumpeter swans in western Montana. These swans are a valuable part of America's wildlife legacy—a living reminder of wilderness days when the trumpeter swans winged through the sky, wild and free.

A RARE BIRD

Even more rare than the trumpeter swan is our Number 7 bird. In fact this bird belongs to the only flock of its kind in the world. In summer this great white bird, distinguished by a red-crowned head and black-tipped wings, lives near Great Silver Lake in the Northwest Territories. In the fall it flies 2,000 miles south to spend several winter months at Aransas, a national wildlife refuge on the Texas gulf coast. This refuge was started for the protection of all kinds of wildlife but particular attention is given to the protection of the WHOOPING CRANE, now numbering about 30 birds in all.

WARY AND WISE

You should be able to guess the identity of the family of birds in our Number 8 picture. Yes, they are geese. But what kind? The five birds here are CANADA GEESE—honkers some people call them. You can identify a

8. You should be able to guess the name of this family of five. —>

Canada goose by its shiny black head and neck and the oval white cheek patches. The Canada goose is one of our wariest and wisest birds. In the spring and again in the fall you can sometimes see Canada geese "going over" as they migrate north or south. They often fly in a V formation and travel at speeds that range from 45 to 60 miles an hour.

WEB-FOOTED BIRD

The bird on the wing in our Number 9 photograph is one of a species which most of us know. You often see this web-footed bird in harbors and bays where it feeds on garbage and wastes. Scavengers, these birds feed on the surface of the water and often gather in large flocks that give the appearance of low, feathered islands. By now you have probably guessed that this bird is a GULL. The one here is a California gull, one of several species of gulls in the United States.

TREE-NESTING BIRD

Number 10 on our list is a wading bird. John James Audubon, the great naturalist, called one species of this bird "the Lady of the Waters." Although solitary when feeding—often standing still for a long time while watching for prey—numbers of these birds nest together in trees. Such nesting colonies are called rookeries. By now you should have guessed the name of this bird from the clue given you regarding its standing still for a long time. Well, if you haven't, this bird is a great blue HERON, whose squawking cry could never be called musical.

Although all these birds differ greatly in appearance and habits, they may all be described by the definition given at the beginning of this article. If anyone asks you what an eagle is, for instance, give them first the general description of a bird, but then get specific and give them a more detailed description. You'll be surprised how much fun it is to have a little special knowledge of our American birds.

Photo by C. J. Henry

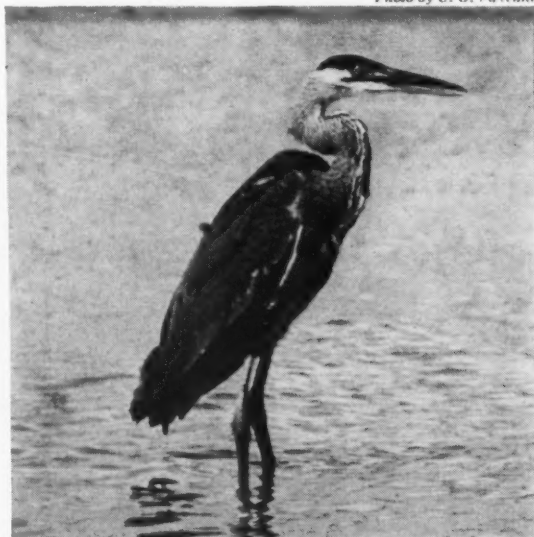


Photo by E. R. Kaibach



9. Flocks of these birds often gather on the waters of harbors and bays.

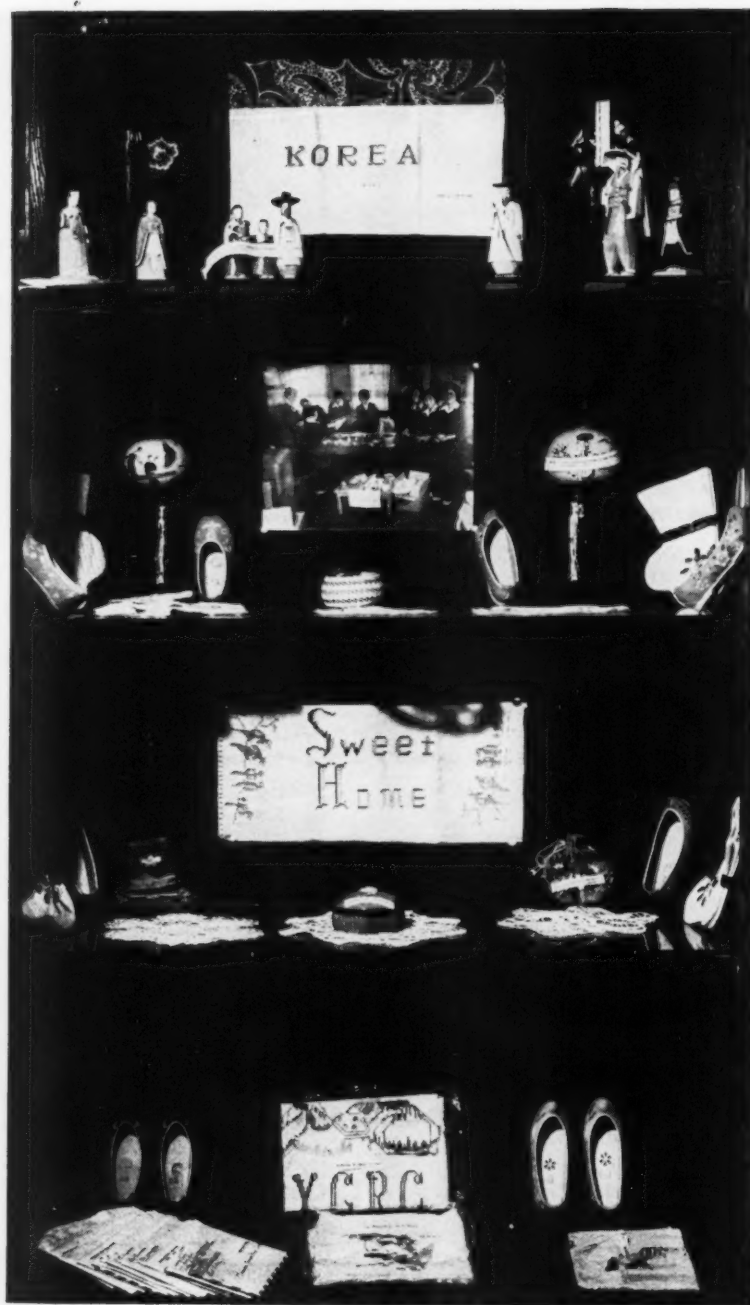
Photo by C. G. Fairchild



10. One species of this solitary wading bird is called "the Lady of the Waters."

Gifts from

*Lucky are the
and girls who
fellow JRCers in*

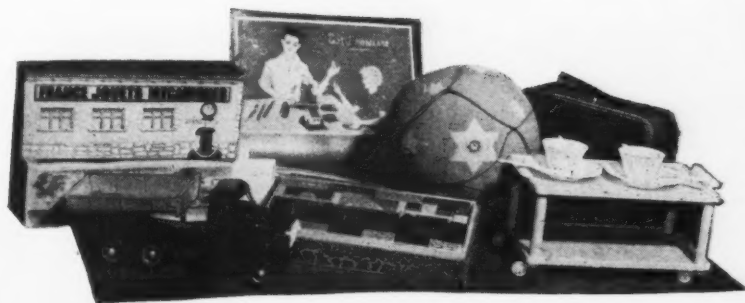


Chang-duck Girls' School, Seoul, Korea, sent a variety of gifts, which were on exhibit at national headquarters, Washington, D.C., before being sent to American schools.

other lands

**American boys
receive gifts from
other countries.**

**French JRC gave toys for
child victims of floods in
eastern U.S.**



Commercial Studios

**German JRC sent dolls
which are admired by
pupils in Oakland,
California.**

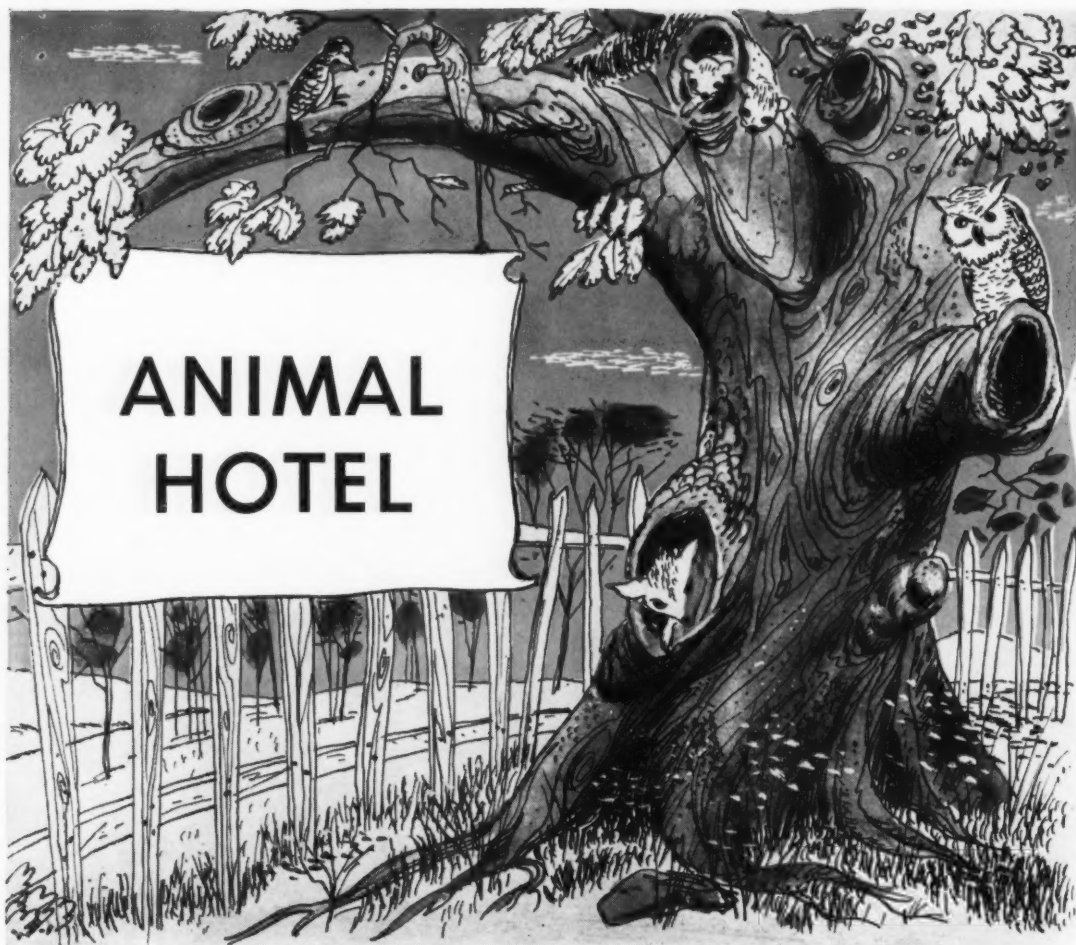


**Italian JRC gave Christmas dolls to chil-
dren in flooded areas of eastern U.S.**



**Zowie Warren of British JRC shows armload of toys
for American child flood victims.**





Story by
Adele and Cateau de Leeuw

Illustrated by George Wilde

AN OLD OWL lived in the hollow tree in Mr. Baxter's backyard. He was the only creature in the tree and he felt lonely.

One day a woodpecker came along. "I'm looking for a place to live," he said with a worried air. "I want it to be high up and near plenty of grubs."

"Why don't you move in here?" old owl asked. "You could have the topmost hole."

The woodpecker flew up and looked around. "It's just what I want," he said, and settled down.

The next week, toward morning, a fat opossum lumbered up. He was so fat he could barely walk. "I'm looking for a place to stay,"

he puffed. "It should be near the fields and not too high for me to climb."

"Why don't you stay here?" old owl asked. "There's a fine big hole not 5 feet above the ground that would be just right for you."

The opossum scrambled up and looked in. "It's exactly what I want. Well, good-day, I think I'll turn in."

Next day a handsome squirrel came by. "Could you tell me where I could find a home?" he chattered. "It's getting late in the season, and all the good places seem to be taken. I must find a home at once."

"Why don't you stay here?" old owl asked. "You could have the second-highest hole. Would you like to look at it?"

"Never mind," the squirrel said quickly. "I'll take it right away, sight unseen. Wait till I get my wife," and with a flick of his tail he was off. Almost at once he came back with Mrs. Squirrel and they scurried up and down the tree all day building a nest in the second-highest hole.

Then a swarm of bees came to see him. "We want to settle down somewhere," the queen bee buzzed. "And we want a fine hollow tree. This looks just right. Would you mind if we moved in?"

Old owl said, "I've been wondering who would take the last hole. Move in, by all means. It will be fine to have you here."

So the swarm settled in the last, big hollow and old owl was happy. The tree was full, and there was always something going on. Old owl looked after them all and managed things very well.

"Do you know," he said to himself solemnly, "this isn't just a hollow tree any more. It's an animal hotel." And he sat, blinking in the light, and saying over and over, "An animal hotel . . . an animal hotel."

Then one day there was a frightful storm. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared and the winds blew strong and long. Everybody cowered in his own hole until it was over.

Mr. Baxter came out and looked at the tree and shook his head. The ground was strewn with twigs and little branches, and two great big limbs lay on the grass.

"I'm going to have the tree cut down," Mr. Baxter said to his neighbor over the fence. "I've been thinking about it a long time, but this settles it. That tree isn't good for anything anyhow."

As soon as he had gone into the house all the animals poked their heads out of their holes.

"Did you hear what he said?"

"He's going to cut down our tree!"

"How dare he cut down our home?"

They were angry and all talked at once.

"I'll poke holes in his roof, that's what I'll do!" the woodpecker said.

THE CARDINAL

By A. W. Bergfeld

A RED FLOWER on a withered branch,
Jewel bright against the snow,
We see the saucy crested head
Of one who did not go
To a warm land where summer smiles
A welcome to the crowd
Of swooping wings as seasons end
And winds blow long and loud.

A red flower on a withered branch,
A saucy whistled note,
No other flower is known to pour
Sweet music from its throat;
No other flower is known to brave
The sting of winter snows,
As ruby red against the sun
He dares each wind that blows.

"I'll steal his chickens!" the opossum muttered.

"We'll rob his fruit trees!" the squirrels chattered indignantly. "Cut down our home indeed!"

"We'll sting him and his family if they come near!" the bees buzzed.

But old owl said, "No."

"No?" they cried. "Then what can we do? We must do **something**."

"Yes," said old owl slowly. "We must do something. But such things would only make Mr. Baxter more determined to get rid of the tree than ever before."

"That's all very well to say," the woodpecker grumbled. "What I want to know is, what can we do to keep our homes?"

"Let us think," said old owl.

So they all sat in their holes and thought and thought. Every once in a while someone would poke his head out and call, "Have you thought of anything?"

And the others would answer, "No. Have you?"

Finally old owl said, "I'm sleepy. I think

much better at night. While you are all asleep tonight, I shall stay awake and think. I'm sure I shall think of something."

"Yes, but what?" they demanded.

"We must show him somehow that we are his friends," old owl answered.

"Yes, but how?" they cried.

"Leave it to me," old owl said, and he shut his eyes.

When everything was quiet in the garden and in the tree, old owl hunched his head into his neck, ruffled his feathers and thought. He thought all night. He must save the tree for his friends and for himself. Because he was oldest and wisest it was up to him to think of a way.

And then, all at once, he knew what he must say. It came to him in the dark and he got up at once and wrote a letter to Mr. Baxter.

In the morning he read it to them very solemnly.

"I have said," he told them, "that you, woodpecker, would eat all kinds of harmful grubs for him. Would you?"

"Of course!"

"And I have said," he went on, "that you, opossum, would rid the yard of rats and mice. Would you do that?"

"It would be a pleasure."

"And I have said," he continued, "that you, squirrel family, would—let me see, what did I say? I had to think hard about this—ah yes, that you would entertain his children for him. Would you do that?"

"It's second nature to us!"

"And I have told him," old owl went on, "that you, bees, would carry pollen to all his fruit trees and make honey for him. Is that true?"

The bees set up a mighty buzzing.

"And lastly," old owl said, "I have told him that I would rid his lawn of moles. Even though I'm getting old, there was never any-

Old Owl snatched the letter from the milkman's hands and flew away.



one better than I at catching moles, and his lawn is full of them."

It was a good letter. They all said so, and old owl shook his feathers with pleasure.

"But it's more than that," he said seriously. "It is a promise, And each of you must sign it, to show that you mean what it says."

So each one signed it, very carefully, and old owl asked, "Now who will deliver it?"

And opossum said promptly, "I will."

With the rolled-up letter stowed in the curl of his long tail, opossum lumbered up the back steps of Mr. Baxter's house and let it drop in the carton where the empty milk bottles stood.

They were watching from the tree when the milkman came. He took up the empty bottles and then he saw the piece of paper. He looked at it and scratched his head. "Funny stuff!" they heard him say. "Guess it's just some old paper." And he started to crumple it up.

The animals squawked and cried and buzzed and grunted in dismay. There was no time to lose. Old owl flew down, snatched the paper from the milkman's hands, and flew back into his hole before you could bat an eyelid.

The milkman blinked. "Must be dreaming!" he mumbled to himself. "Was that an owl, or wasn't it?"

Finally he went away, and the animals breathed more easily. As soon as he was out of sight, opossum took the letter and lumbered up the back steps once more and put it in the carton with the fresh milk bottles.

Then they all watched again.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before Mr. Baxter came out to get the milk. He took up the bottles and then he saw the letters. "What's this?" he said, and began to read it.

They watched him read every word. Then he set the bottles down and came out and stood beside the tree. They could see him looking at it with a little smile, and his eyes were kind.

He saw the bees flying in and out of their hive. He saw the young squirrels chasing each

other up and down the trunk. He saw the woodpecker busily at work hunting grubs. And in the two lowest holes he saw a tuft of fur that was opossum and some reddish feathers with one sleepy eye that was old owl.

"Well, well!" he said, so that they could all hear him. "I had no idea I had a fine hotel like this in my back yard! Of course I wouldn't think of taking it down—now that I know about it!"

And after a while he walked away, saying to himself, "An animal hotel. There isn't another hollow tree in the whole town, I'm sure, that has an animal hotel!"

He walked into the house, and all the animals sighed in relief. "We're saved!" they cried. "Our homes are saved!"

Old owl preened himself happily and closed his eyes. He was glad he had thought of writing the letter. Now they could all live together in the hollow tree, and he would never be lonesome. Best of all, they need not be Mr. Baxter's enemies. It was much nicer to be friends.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TREE

A letter to the editor from Miss Adele de Leeuw, one of the authors of "The Animal Hotel," brings the sad news that the animal hotel is no more. Miss de Leeuw writes:

You remember when you were here we showed you the tree that had been the inspiration for the story—the one that had the bees, the squirrel, the birds, and owl, and, we thought, the opossum?

During the storm last week the tree began to sway before our eyes, and when the wind veered, it fell. Because we had apparently been leading good lives, the tree fell in the one right direction it could have fallen—through the hedge into the empty lot next door.

We felt as if we had lost an old friend, and now we notice the empty space very unpleasantly each day.

Still it is nice to know that, if the tree has not become immortal, at least it served what we hope is a good purpose, and now will be remembered for its story for children.



Games— South of the Border

By KATHRYN MEALS

MEXICAN GAMES are quiet games. The heat of their country makes strenuous activity undesirable, so the children play quietly and peacefully.

BEAN TOSSING GAME

"Chivas" is a throwing game which can be played by any number of children. If played outdoors, a small hole is dug in the ground. If played indoors a bowl is placed on the floor. A line is then drawn about 8 feet away from the hole or bowl.

The players take a handful of little red beans called "colorinas" and, standing on the line, take turns seeing how many beans they can throw into the hole. The whole handful of beans must be tossed.

If any beans fall into the hole, the player picks them up and puts them in the palm of one hand. Then with a jerk he throws the beans into the air and tries to catch them on the back of the hand; once more he throws them and catches them. The player who has the greatest number of beans in the palm of his hand after the last person has thrown is the winner. Each player must have the same number of beans to start the game.

GAME WITH CLAY FIGURES

To play "Arrema" or "Monas de Estrano," small clay figures are needed. The players divide into two teams, red soldiers versus blue soldiers or dogs versus cats, according to whatever figures are used.

Two lines are then marked on the floor or ground. The first, the goal line, is 6 inches from the wall and the second, the starting line, is 12 feet from the wall.

The teams line up on the starting line and each side takes turns throwing one of the clay figures so that it strikes the wall. If it falls between the wall and the goal line, it is forfeited to the opposite team. Each player throws one figure. This makes a "round": three "rounds" constitute a game.

At the end of each round, the captains of the two teams collect the figures lost by the opposing team. A throw that does not strike the wall is foul and must be tried again. The team with the greatest number of figures is the winner.

MOON AND MORNING STARS

Imported from Spain with the Spanish settlers in Mexico is the game "Moon and Morning Stars."

One player is the "moon" and must stay within the shadow of a tree or house. The others are the "morning stars" and stay in the sunshine. If the stars run in the shadow, the moon tries to tag them. When he succeeds, the tagged star becomes the moon and the original moon becomes a star.

The moon says from the shadow:

*"Oh moon and morning stars,
Oh moon and morning stars,
Within your shadow
Who dares to tread, oh!"*



GIFTS FROM MEXICO—Display of some of the contents of the 403 gift boxes from the Mexican Junior Red Cross in appreciation for American JRC gift boxes they had received.

Cousin Longears says—



A wise old rabbit, “hatched” in New Orleans, Louisiana, gives good advice to his young friends in Junior Red Cross councils.

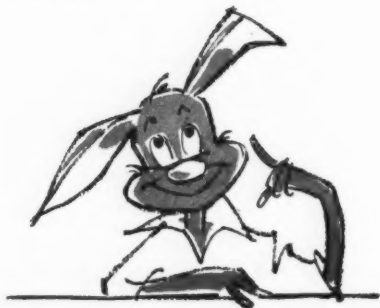
As a Junior Red Cross representative you represent your school and the part it plays in one of the world's largest “helping” organizations . . . the RED CROSS. This is your chance to do many things to help other people. This is an honor for you but you must do your part.

THIS IS YOUR JOB!

1. Help your Junior Red Cross teacher-sponsor and other teachers by doing a good job in Junior Red Cross and other activities.
2. Attend the Junior Red Cross meetings and offer to help all you can.
3. Get other students to help, too.
4. Be willing to work when there is a job to be done even though others might be playing.



Illustrations by
Rosemary Tucker



YOU CAN DO IT IF:

1. You are willing to work hard.
2. You really want to help other people.
3. You are friendly.
4. You are dependable.
5. You are willing to “give” of your time and energy.

ORGANIZE YOUR COUNCIL

1. Roll out the WELCOME mat so that every member will want to come.
2. Plan your meetings in advance, work to make them interesting and of value.
3. Set a definite time.
4. Give all the representatives a chance to feel as though they belonged.
5. Don't bite off more than you can chew. Plan projects that can be carried through to completion.



PUBLICITY IS IMPORTANT!

1. Are you keeping your JRC bulletin board up-to-date?
2. Publicity is important . . . tell your schoolmates, and keep telling 'em what is going on in JRC.
3. Work on school newspaper notices, themes, assemblies.
4. Last but not least, do something so you have something to tell about!

YOU CAN DO IT!

No matter what job you may be given . . . whether it is to talk before the class or hold a meeting . . . you can do it. It may be hard but you can do it. Just remember that everyone feels scared at times. So if your heart pounds and your knees shake, just remember that you are no different from anyone else. There is nothing wrong in being "scared" as long as you have the courage to try. A little practice is all you need.



BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER!

You cannot always have your own way. Sometimes you will be the leader but other times you must follow. Try to understand the thinking of the other fellow. It's just possible he might be right!



You are important—Junior Red Cross needs you!



ARC Photo by Moore

TOKYO, JAPAN—AJRC council in Yoyogi Elementary School carefully pack gift boxes.



Busy



Springfield, Mass. Union by Frank MacCarthy

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Kindergarten class at Washington School raise marigold plants to sell for JRC service fund.



Richard Bosworth

QUINCY, MASS.—Pupils in Snug Harbor School make Easter gifts for children in hospitals.



Walt's Photo Service

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Second graders in Kapalama School bake cookies to sell for JRC.

as Bees

Boys and girls are busy, busy, busy making things hum in Junior Red Cross as they work to bring joy to others.



Hartford Times by Ted Kosinski

HARTFORD, CONN.—Boys make water buoys at Moylan School for water safety.



Squeaky

Story by
RUTH EVERDING LIBBEY

Illustrated by
Harry Goff

SQUEAKY, the baby mocking bird, already has had three homes.

First he lived in a twiggy nest in the cypress hedge. One day when the gardener's snippers were clickety-clicking closer and closer, Squeaky squawked "Squeak! Squeak! SQUEAK!" for his mother.

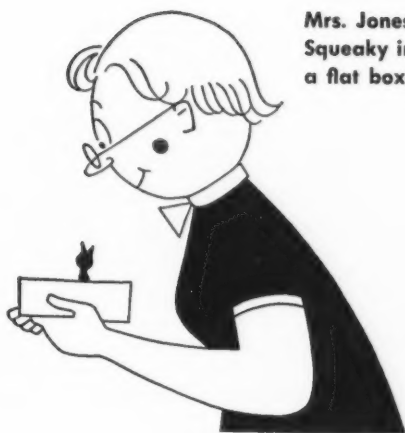
Mrs. Mockingbird heard the terrible commotion and dropped the long wiggly worm she was bringing for her baby's breakfast.

She flew around the gardener's head and then made a dive-bomb at his straw hat. The ladder began to shake, the gardener reached for his hat, the snippers fell with a clang, and the ladder wobble-wobbled and went bang! against the hedge. And poor frightened little Squeaky tumbled out of his nest.

It was a lucky thing that Mrs. Jones, who lived in the house back of the hedge, heard Squeaky squeak, because she picked him up

The mother bird made a dive bomb at the gardener's head.





Mrs. Jones placed Squeaky in a flat box.

just as Whiskers, the cat, appeared on the scene.

Mrs. Mockingbird was nearly beside herself. She circled around Mrs. Jones three times and then swooped down and gave Mrs. Jones a jab in the back. Mrs. Jones was no fraidy-cat like the gardener. "There! There!" she said. "Don't be so upset, Mother Bird, I won't harm your precious baby."

Mrs. Jones placed Squeaky in a flat wooden box and put a piece of chicken wire on top. The box was just high enough so that Squeaky could poke his yapping beak up through the holes in the wire.

Mrs. Jones then carried the box upstairs and put it on the porch outside of her room.

Squeaky was frightened, angry, and hungry. "Squeak! Squeak! SQUEAK!" he cried.

In no time at all his mother came lickety-split with a fat worm. He gobbled it faster than you could snap your fingers.

Day after day mother mockingbird came gliding down to the porch rail. Then she would jump down on the edge of the wire-covered box. About the only time Squeaky wasn't squeaking was when bugs and worms were being stuffed into his wideopen beak.

Mrs. Mockingbird never seemed to get her child filled up. But Mrs. Jones helped her by putting half of an apple on the porch every day.

Squeaky's mother would punch! jab!

punch! the piece of apple so hard that it sounded like the rap-a-tap-tap of a drum. The noise often awakened the whole Jones household early in the morning. Mrs. Jones also kept a bowl of fresh water on the porch and a little tin of water inside of Squeaky's box.

One day Mrs. Jones said, "Squeaky, I think you are big enough to fly now. Your wing-feathers and tail-feathers are as long as your mother's." So Mrs. Jones lifted the wire from the top of the box. Then she stood back to see what Squeaky would do.

Squeaky was so surprised that for once he forgot to squeak. He slowly stretched his gray wings, showing off the pretty white stripes. Then he cocked his head sideways as he listened to his mother's coaxing call. Then he flip-flapped his wings a few times and off he soared to the very top of the tall yellow jasmine bush.

Squeaky was so big that he didn't need to live in a nest or a box any more. Because now he could balance himself and roost on a branch-perch just like his mother. So the tall yellow jasmine bush became his third home.

But goodness knows how many more homes Squeaky will have. Especially when he gets squeaking babies of his own!

WORD MIX-UP

See if you can untangle the following sentences and put the right word where it belongs, in this puzzle by Sharon Moody, 10 years old, Lincolnville Center, Maine.

1. I see a **HERD** of **BIRDS**.
2. There is a **SWARM** of **THIEVES** outside.
3. Is that a **FLOCK** of **BEEES**?
4. What is a **DROVE** of **FISH**?
5. A big **SCHOOL** of **PEOPLE** came to the movie.
6. It is shady under the **GANG** of **TREES**.
7. Is that a **GROVE** of **SHIPS** in the harbor?
8. That farmer has a small **PACK** of **OXEN**.
9. What a large **CROWD** of **CATTLE** in that field!
10. See the **FLEET** of barking **DOGS**!

(Answers on next page)

'Tis Spring

*Thoughts of boys and girls spring into
verse at this time of year*

GOOD-BY TO WINTER

There are many different reasons
For the longer, brighter days;
It's the changing of the seasons
And the change in nature's ways.

In city parks and country roads
And even in the air,
The meadowlarks and old green toads
Sing to their ladies fair.

Good-by to the cold and soft, white snow!
Good-by to the winter scene!
Flowers are blooming, row upon row
And all the trees are green.

Where is each long, cold night?
What makes the children sing?
What makes the birds turn north in flight?
Why, don't you know? It's spring!

ROSALIND SACHAROW
Chelsea Junior High School
Atlantic City, New Jersey

MY FAVORITE SEASON

Spring is the time of year I like best;
When the robin calls to its mate in the nest,
When the jay-bird flies in its pure white vest,
Spring is my favorite season.

MICHELE ROGERS
Ocean View School
San Diego, California

SPRING

Look up and take a smell,
And I'm sure that you can tell,
Spring is in the air,
Spring is everywhere.
Bumble bees start buzzing around
Flowers spring right out of the ground.
I'm sure that you can tell
Spring is everywhere.

GAIL POLIAKOFF
Dundee School
Omaha, Nebraska

THE POPLAR TREE

The wind blows through
The poplar tree.
Its leaves so high,
Its limbs so straight,
Tall and slender is the poplar tree.

When the north wind blows,
Winter comes to the poplar tree.
Its leaves they fall,
Its limbs are bare.
Winter has come to the poplar tree.

When the wind stops and the sun comes out,
It's spring for the poplar tree.
Its buds burst forth
Into leaves so green,
Tall and slender is the poplar tree.

BRUCE CHASSY
Campus Laboratory School
San Diego, California

OUR WORLD

The world is full of wonderful things,
Cities, countries, states,
Some are getting larger
Growing every day.

We've seen how the railroads grew,
From early days 'til now,
We've seen how the highways, too,
Stretch round us far and near.

I wish that children everywhere
Were free to run and play,
And enjoy the beautiful things they see
Around them every day.

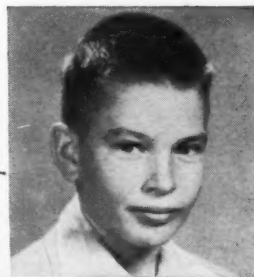
CHARLES TOWNES
Midlothian School
Chesterfield County, Virginia

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, PAGE 25

1. FLOCK, 2. GANG, 3. SWARM, 4. SCHOOL, 5. CROWD,
6. GROVE, 7. FLEET, 8. DROVE, 9. HERD, 10. PACK.

It Could Have Been a Tragedy

Alan Howell
Bismarck, N. D.



1. When Alan Howell, 12, Bismarck, North Dakota, enrolled in a Red Cross junior life-saving course last summer, he little knew that he would be called upon during his summer vacation to help someone in danger of drowning.



2. On the day Alan and his family arrived at Dakota Beach in Minnesota, Alan immediately took to the water. Suddenly he heard a girl cry out, "My sister is drowning." Seeing that a girl had stepped off into deep water and was floundering, he swam immediately to help her.

Illustrated by JOHN DONALDSON



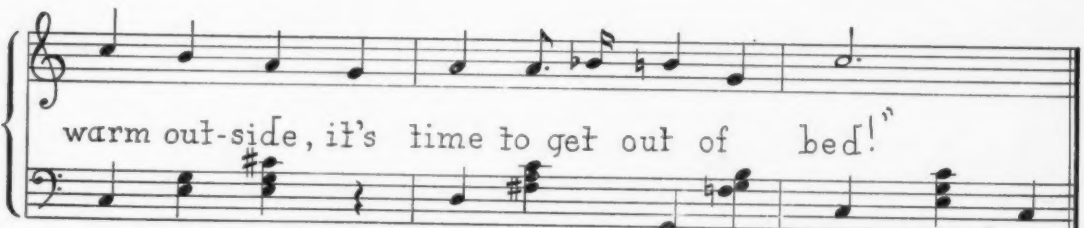
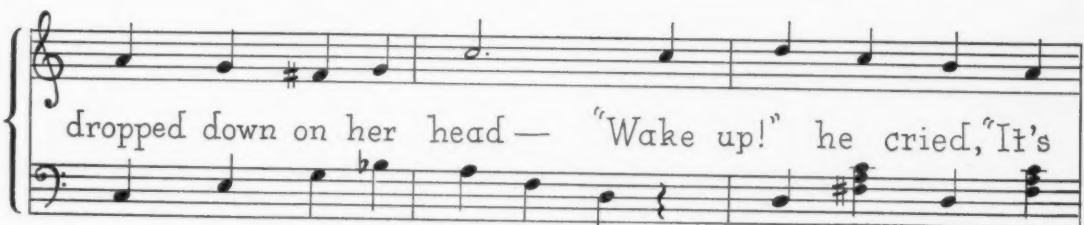
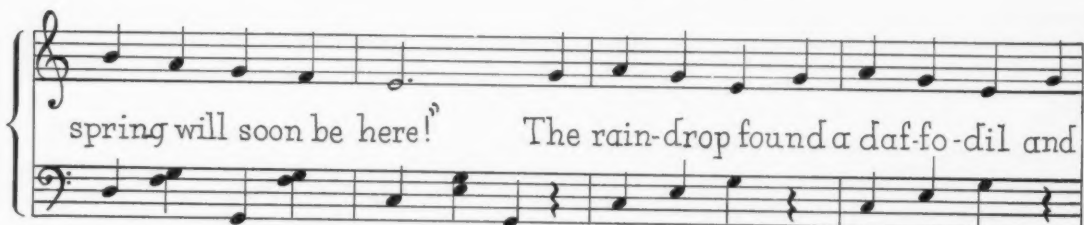
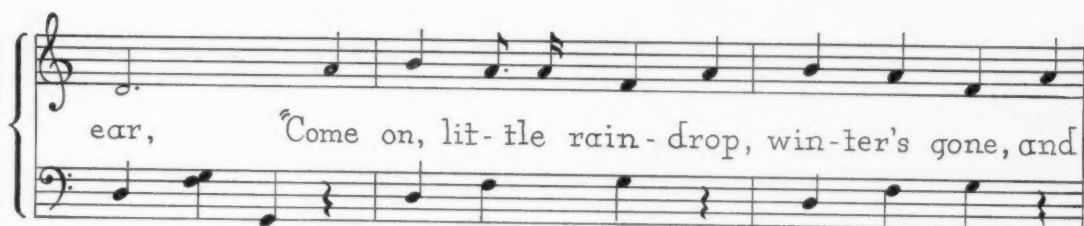
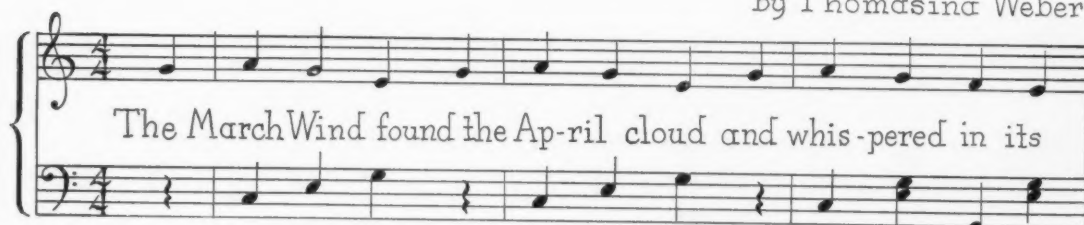
3. Since she was floundering fairly close to shallow water, Alan swam under her and pushed her toward shore.



4. Meanwhile, Alan's mother waded out to meet them and with the help of one of the other visitors to the beach carried the girl to shore where she was revived.

Spring

by Thomasina Weber



Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin

